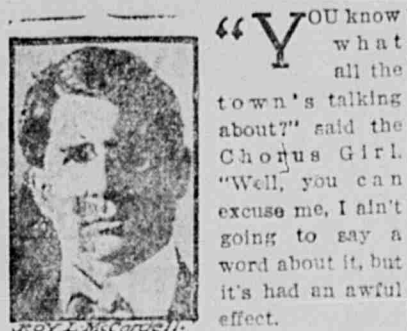


"Dopey's artistic sense is riled everywhere he goes by seeing mechanical pianos and phonographs taking the cigarettes out of the mouths of honest professors."

# THE CHORUS GIRL—By Roy L. McCardell.

Illustrated by R. W. TAYLOR.

"Dopey is silly not to go to Europe. I would go if I had the cash and a chaperon. And I can get all the chaperons I want, kid!"



"You know what all the town's talking about?" said the Chorus Girl. "Well, you can excuse me, I ain't going to say a word about it, but it's had an awful effect."

"My folks wired me from Altoona was I safe and to keep out of bad company. And when your home folks spend thirty cents to warn you for your own welfare you can know they're stirred up some."

"As a general thing the folks of a girl who is on the stage are to blame when things like that happen more than you'd like to say or they would ever admit."

"But they seem to think that fifteen a week is enough for you to pay your board and room rent, buy your clothes and have about fifty a month left to send home."

"So, as you are making a lot of money, won't you see little Lilly gets a musical education?"

"Or, Brother Charlie has been arrested for stealing brass work out of the electric-light station. He is as innocent as an angel, but the lawyers charge terrible, and please send forty dollars at once if you would save him from a felon's fate."

"Or, mother's been elected Past Worthy What-You-May-Call-It of the Rechabites, and she wants to attend the Grand Lodge in Wilkes-Barre, but she has nothing to wear, and, as you are doing so well in New York, with nobody depending on you, won't you send the price of a good black silk dress and mamma's carfare and hotel expenses?"

"I've been up against it and I know."

"Well, let's talk about the weather!"

"Dopey McKnight got a letter from



"Old Man Moneyton wrote Dopey that he'd met W. J. Bryan, James Hazen Hyde and John D. Rockefeller abroad, but he wanted Europe to see Dopey McKnight before they formed any opinion as to what was the matter with America!"

Old Man Moneyton asking him to go see his lawyer and be fitted up with a new summer wardrobe and a ticket to Europe.

"Old Man Moneyton is just lonesome for Dopey in Switzerland. He wants somebody to sit on the hotel porch with him and watch the Alpine climbers, some one that he knows isn't framing up a touch from promoting a gold mine to a plain borrow of forty francs."

"Mamma De Branscombe went down to the lawyer's with Dopey, but when she found out the trip wouldn't be financed on a cash basis she said it was an insult, and if Dopey allowed himself to accept the proposition and went to Europe in the care of the captain she'd have him arrested for breach of promise."

"Dopey has no fear of scandal, but he's afraid if he's arrested he may be sent somewhere and deprived of his liberty and cigarettes."

"Since all this talk about adulterated food Dopey rolls his own cigarettes."

where, because his artistic sense is riled everywhere he goes by seeing mechanical pianos and phonographs taking the cigarettes out of the mouths of honest professors."

"Old Man Moneyton likes Dopey and tries to give him everything because he don't want nothing. Everybody else he meets wants something, and Old Man Moneyton would die before he'd give it to 'em."

"I've seen him fight it out with a waiter to a finish when he was being done out of a five-cent overcharge on a hundred-dollar dinner."

"I think it would be grand if Dopey would go abroad, because them foreigners appreciate a genius, and

If Dopey McKnight isn't a genius there ain't any in this world.

"Besides, look at the pieces Dopey McKnight has composed. I guess you don't know that he was the real composer of 'Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget' and 'Lured by Gold, She Left Her Happy Home.'"

"It's them good, pure songs that is appreciated. Why, two years ago you couldn't go into any of these rathskellers that has since been closed by the police without hearing Dopey's songs."

"But Dopey has the real artistic temperament. As long as he's put to work at the piano and given nothing but insults and no thanks he'll work like a dog."

"Let him butt into a place where people holler 'Beat it' and 'Cut it out!' Dopey will beat a piano to pulp and make the place ache with tender melodies."

"But give him a steady job at good pay just to play over a few easy ones now and then, and Dopey will talk about being a wage slave and how an artist is imposed on, and he'll lay down on the job right from the start."

"He's had lots of chances. But he doesn't want any chances; he knows what he wants, but he can't remember what it is. And Dopey isn't the only one."

"Can you beat it? We're all crazy or we wouldn't be in this business."

"I'd be living in Altoona as a freight conductor's bride, worried about wildcat engines and slide-wipe wrecks. Puss Montgomery would be ironing shirts in a laundry. Did you ever notice that shirt ironers is always fat and think they can sing? Mamma De Branscombe would be a janitress always in trouble with the tenants. Amy De Branscombe would be a waitress in a quick-lunch restaurant, and Dopey McKnight would be mobbed by fair musical enthusiasts after every piano recital he'd condescend to give at Carnegie Hall."

"But we are all crazy, and we all insist we want to live our own life in our own way, and our way is the wrong one."

"Sure, Dopey is as silly as himself not to shake this bunch and go to Europe."

"I would if I had the cash and a chaperon. A-I-I can get all the chaperons I want, kid."

"Going to any of the shooting-galleries—I mean roof-gardens—to-night?"

## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

THE other day a man whose intelligence and sincerity are unquestioned said to me, "The old-fashioned love that was beautiful and sacred and reverent is dead."

"Not dead," I thought to myself, "but possibly sleeping."

It is true that we women see less and less thoughtfulness, chivalry, reverence and all the rest of it; but, bless your souls, it's our own fault. If a woman starts out to work like a man, naturally the men begin to treat her like one. They cannot do otherwise and would probably have had violent hysterics if she could see Flossie banging a typewriter in a lawyer's office downtown, surrounded by men. And, on the other hand, little Flossie, who has stepped bravely to the front to earn her living by quickness and a pretty good idea of spelling, would have a spasm if she had to sit in a high-backed chair and do tatting, patchwork, or darning-stitch. The girls of to-day are up against a different proposition. They haven't time for the rather idiotic little romantic stunts that used to make great-grandma's heart beat quicker. If a man approaches them (to make love) he must get to the point in a businesslike way and not be all day about it, either. I am talking now about the average American girl. She stands for less and less foolishness as time goes on. By foolishness I mean the pretty little ways that a man used to have with a maid a hundred years ago.

It's "Stop right out and play ball, now, or don't get in the game at all!" You see, business surroundings are bound to have their influence, and this influence shows for some time after she has left them. It is an open question as to whether she makes a good wife.

The girls of to-day, many of them, are a wise lot. They are so wise that nobody can tell them anything and very little can be done to resuscitate the old romantic feelings until they stay at home more and learn to make a good pie.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1351, New York.

### Does He Love Her Still?

Dear Betty: I LOVE a young man about twenty years of age very dearly. Being only seventeen I do not receive attention from any young man, but I see this one occasionally. About a year ago he told me of his love. Now, do you think that it would be proper for me to ask him if he loves me still, as he has been corresponding with me ever since I knew him? LITTLE.

You must not ask him. He will tell you again if he does.

### Are Neckties a Sign of Love?

Dear Betty: I AM a boy about sixteen years old and I am in love with a girl with whom I have been going for about three months. She told another girl that she loved me, but I don't believe it. How can I find out if she loves me? She gave me three neckties for my

birthday. Do you think that shows any sign of love? E. BOYERS.

### They Exchange Presents.

Dear Betty: I AM very much in love with a young man. We have been great friends for about six months, but we have known each other for two years. He gave me a gold bracelet for my birthday last month. His birthday is next month and I would like to give him a signet ring. Can you think of anything better? THOUGHTFUL.

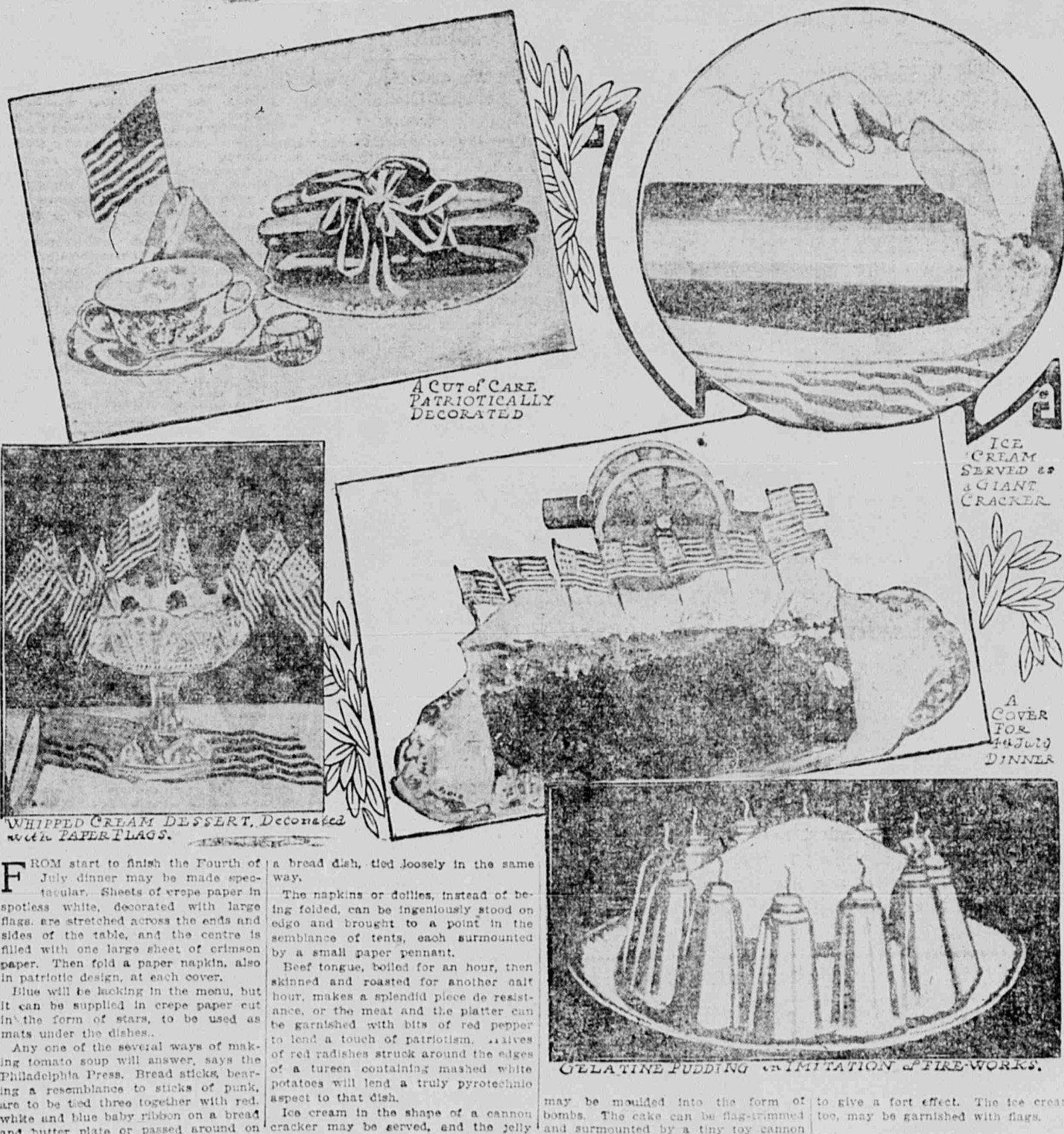
A signet ring would be very nice.

### Is He Jealous?

Dear Betty: I AM deeply in love with a very pretty young lady. A friend of mine is calling on her, and he is not the kind of a young man for her to go with. I would like to get her away from him and give her good advice, not for my benefit, but for her own. M. W.

Go after her yourself and try to make the right kind of an impression. You can never do anything by "knocking" a rival.

## PATRIOTIC TABLE DECORATIONS FOR THE FOURTH.



**WHIPPED CREAM DESSERT, Decorated with PAPER FLAGS.**

FROM start to finish the Fourth of July dinner may be made spectacular. Sheets of crepe paper in spotless white, decorated with large flags, are stretched across the ends and sides of the table, and the center is filled with one large sheet of crimson paper. Then fold a paper napkin, also in patriotic design, at each cover.

Blue will be lacking in the menu, but it can be supplied in crepe paper cut in the form of stars, to be used as mats under the dishes.

Any one of the several ways of making tomato soup will answer, says the Philadelphia Press. Bread sticks, bearing a resemblance to sticks of punk, are to be tied three together with red, white and blue baby ribbon on a bread and butter plate or passed around on a broad dish, tied loosely in the same way.

The napkins or doilies, instead of being folded, can be ingeniously stood on edge and brought to a point in the semblance of tents, each surmounted by a small paper pennant.

Beef tongue, boiled for an hour, then skinned and roasted for another half hour, makes a splendid piece de resistance, or the meat and the platter can be garnished with bits of red pepper to lend a touch of patriotism. Leaves of red radishes strung around the edges of a tureen containing mashed white potatoes will lend a truly patriotic aspect to that dish.

Ice cream in the shape of a cannon cracker may be served, and the jelly

may be moulded into the form of bombs. The cake can be flag-trimmed and surmounted by a tiny toy cannon to give a fort effect. The ice cream, too, may be garnished with flags.

**CELATINE PUDDING (IMITATION FIREWORKS).**

It can be made into the form of a fort effect. The ice cream, too, may be garnished with flags.

## UNWRITTEN LAWS OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

ACCORDING to a recent wall in the London Sketch, nothing new to eat has been invented for several hundred years.

We have the telegraph and the steam engine, we have levelled continents and spanned oceans, but if we are to credit this latest pessimist, we are eating just the same things that were served in the stately halls of great Elizabeth. The only difference is that we no longer eat them with our fingers now throw the bones under the table.

Do we believe that? How can we? Queen Elizabeth never had any lobster Newburg, any crab meat, any terrapin, to say nothing of canvas-back or even chicken à la Maryland. Heaven knows how many more people she would have ordered to the Tower if she had.

But even though our culinary inventions have kept pace with the march of science, there come days of heat and depression like those now upon us when we agree with the English pessimist, and it really seems as if there had been nothing new in oven or broiler in all these centuries, even as he says; as if, indeed, the days had ticked "Steak, chops! Steak, chops!" in exasperating alternation from the beginning of time.

There be other things, to be sure, but just when the necessity for them arises they fade miraculously from the menu.

As yet no unwritten law hovers menacingly over the head of the boarding-house keeper, who, despite the soaring thermometer, persists in serving corned beef and cabbage one day in the week and boiled ham and spinach on another.

Perhaps people who submit to these things deserve them. Nevertheless, such an insult to the human palate ought not to pass unavenged.

Of course, the man who wrote that there had not been for centuries a new dish dived in a boarding-house. That alone is sufficient explanation of his pessimism. It would be extremely interesting if he were to turn his serious attention to a book analyzing the strange prepossessions of the boarding-house meal. Why, for instance, should stewed parsnips be served from Maine to Oregon as a luncheon delicacy, and like death, have all seasons for their own? There can be no secret agreement on the subject, surely. Yet when we consider the hidden covetousness of trust and railroad magnates it does not seem impossible that the mightier divinity that hedge our appetites have formed a similar combine.

After the stock yards the boarding-houses, that we may know the worst.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

SUCH dresses as this one are always in demand for the wee tots and are as pretty and attractive as they are simple. Lawn, batiste, dimity, nain-sock, both plain and embroidered, and the pretty pique are all appropriate and make exceedingly attractive little frocks. In this instance the frill is of the material folded with a narrower ruffle, but one of embroidery can be used if liked, while the little yoke can be of almost anything that individual fancy may dictate.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (2 years) is 2 1/2 yards 27" wide, 2 1/2 yards 26" or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yards of banding and 5/8 yards of narrow ruffling to trim as illustrated.

Pattern 5398 is cut in sizes for children 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

Child's Yoke Dress—Pattern No. 5398.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### Skin Is Very Dark.

MISS T. C. B.—As an external remedy for too dark skin use this bleach. At the same time drink plenty of pure water, not too cold, between meals. Rosewater, 30 grammes; tincture of myrrh, 10 grammes; tincture of benzoin, 10 grammes; essence of citron, 4 grammes; tincture of quillaia, sufficient quantity to make an emulsion. Apply when necessary.

### Eyes Trouble Her.

MARIE, Paterson.—There may be some slight inflammation in the mucous of the eyes, and the application of boracic acid (10 grains) and 1 ounce of water two or three times a day, dropped into the eyes, will be helpful.

### Nose Is Too Fat.

PAUL B.—Here is a lotion for enlargement and redness of the nose: Mucilage of ammonia, 1 dram; tannic acid, 1/2 dram; glycerine, 2 ounces; rosewater, 3 ounces. Dissolve the mucilage and acid in the glycerine, then add the water. Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with the lotion and bind on the nose nightly until a cure results.